

ARMOUR GETS HIS REVENGE

SMASHES PATTEN'S CORNER IN WHEAT FOR SEPTEMBER DELIVERY.

CLEANS UP AT LEAST \$2,000,000

One of the Wildest and Most Exciting Sessions That the Chicago Board of Trade Has Seen in Many Months.

Chicago, Ill.—James A. Patten, the most daring operator that the Chicago board of trade ever has known, has fought his last battle in the world's greatest wheat pit and has gone down to defeat before the onslaughts of his old time enemy, J. Ogden Armour. J. Ogden Armour, quiet, mild mannered, a man of few words, yet of the strongest determination, one who has nursed the blows that he has received in the wheat pit at the hands of James A. Patten in the past and has said nothing, knows how sweet is revenge. J. Ogden Armour, with all his millions behind him, has, in the parlance of the wheat pit, been "laying" for Jim Patten for a long time. In one of the wildest and most exciting sessions that the Board of Trade has seen in many months, J. Ogden Armour smashed the "wheat king's" corner in wheat for the September delivery. When the gong sounded the close of the session Patten was a loser by something like \$2,000,000. Armour had added at least \$2,000,000 to his already plenteous bank account.

Late in February and early in March of the present year Patten, after digesting reports that he had received from his confidential agents in all parts of the country, came to the conclusion that the wheat crop of 1910 was bound to be a failure. He began to buy wheat for delivery not later than September 30. He bought everything he could lay his hands on. Patten bought his wheat at prices ranging from \$1.01½ to \$1.07½. An average price probably would have been about \$1.05 per bushel. Patten bought until his line of September wheat was estimated at 20,000,000 bushels. Armour, in the meantime, after carefully studying conditions, had come to the conclusion that James A. Patten for once had guessed incorrectly and he decided upon a bear movement in September wheat. He sold "short" millions of bushels.

Then came reassuring reports about the wheat crop. It was not going to be a failure after all; in all probability it would be the biggest of the many big bumper crops in the history of the country. Cash wheat was in a bad way; the foreign market was unsettled and there was no demand for wheat from the millers of the country. Patten realized a few days ago that he was "in wrong." He began very quietly to throw overboard his long line of wheat. Millions of bushels of September wheat were dumped into the pit and prices fell. Thursday he dumped 5,000,000 bushels—all that was left of his once long line—into the wheat pit. Prices broke and then broke again. The pit was a howling, pushing, crowding mob of excited men. September wheat closed Wednesday at 97½ cents. Thursday it closed at 93 cents, a falling off of over four cents a bushel in the course of a few short hours.

CREW OF 27 ARE DROWNED

Mail Boat Rams and Sinks French Submarine in the English Channel.

London, England.—A telegram received at the admiralty says that a French submarine, Pluviose, was rammed and sunk in the English channel by a mail boat running between Calais and Dover. All of her crew, numbering 27 men, were drowned. The submarine was hit by the Calais-Dover ferry boat Pas De Calais two miles northwest of Calais and sank in 160 feet of water. The crew had no chance to escape, as their craft plunged to the bottom in the moment of collision.

ADMITS GREAT DISCOVERY

Chemist Confirms Story of Finding Process of Transmuting Metal to Gold or Silver.

Scranton, Pa.—Dr. F. W. Lange, in whose laboratory C. C. Dickinson is said to have inhaled fumes which caused his death, declared that it was absolutely true that he had discovered the long sought process of transmuting base metals into gold and silver. He said that through Mr. Dickinson's untimely death the discovery had been announced prematurely.

Finger Print Convicts.

Paris, France.—Two soldiers, Graby and Michel, charged with the murder of Mme. Gouin, widow of Jules Edouard Gouin, a former governor of the Bank of France, were convicted by court-martial, Graby being sentenced to death and Michel to 20 years imprisonment. The imprint of a bloody finger on a military ticket, taken up on the train on which Mme. Gouin was traveling on December 16, last, led to the solving of the mystery of her death. Mme. Gouin's body was found under a train near Paris.

TAFT IS HURT OVER ROW

PAINED AT CRITICISM OF SOUTHERN HOSPITALITY.

Writes Letter to Representative Tawney of Minnesota About Dispute Over Traveling Expenses.

Washington, D. C.—President W. H. Taft has written a letter to Representative Tawney of Minnesota, expressing his grief, pain and distress at the dispute that arose in the house over the question of money for his traveling expenses. The house finally passed the measure making the customary \$25,000 allowance, but that part making the allowance "immediately available" was stricken out and the money will not, therefore, become available until July 1. Taft's letter:

My Dear Mr. Tawney—I am deeply grieved over the phase which the discussion of the appropriation for the traveling expenses of the president took. I think it is a legitimate argument in favor of such an appropriation that congressmen and many others press the acceptance of invitations to visit their sections and districts, because the urgency of such requests indicates the opinion on the part of the people that one of the duties of the president is to visit the people in their homes.

But the intimation or suggestion that the acceptance by congressmen of the president's invitation to travel on the train with him in their respective districts or states was a reason why they should not vote their free opinion on the question of such an appropriation is to me a most painful one. In traveling upon the train they were not receiving my hospitality—they were only making a little more elaborate the cordial welcome which they as representatives of the districts wish to give.

The feature of the discussion, which was especially distressing to me, was a suggestion relating to southern hospitality. The intimation that somewhere in the south board was charged has no foundation in fact, and I never heard it intimated until I saw it in the morning papers.

In all my experience, and I have enjoyed the hospitality of many sections and countries of the world, I never had a more cordial, generous, open and lavish welcome than I had in the southern states during my trip, and the slightest hint that puts me in the attitude of a critic of that hospitality gives me great pain.

I am going to take the liberty of making this letter to you public. Very sincerely yours, WILLIAM H. TAFT.

PROFESSOR KOCH IS DEAD

Foe of Deadly Tuberculosis Is Claimed by Disease of the Heart at Baden Baden.

Baden Baden.—Prof. Robert Koch, the famous bacteriologist, died here from a disease of the heart. He was born at Klausthal, Hanover, December 11, 1843. Professor Koch became distinguished as an investigator of micro-organisms, but probably gained most renown as the discoverer of the bacilli of tuberculosis and cholera. He was graduated in 1866 from the University of Goettingen, and while a practitioner at Wollstein began his researches in bacteriology. His first writings, covering investigations of anthrax and the aetiology of traumatic infective diseases, marked an epoch in medicine and placed bacteriology on a scientific basis. It was in 1882 that Professor Koch first announced his discovery of the bacilli of tuberculosis.

MADRIZ SOLDIERS VICTORIOUS

Nicaraguan Army Storms and Captures Bluefields Bluff Under Gunboat Fire.

Bluefields, Nicaragua.—The government forces, under cover of the fire of the gunboat San Jacinto, routed the insurgents and captured Bluefields Bluff. This loss to the Estrada forces probably ends the revolution. The Madriz gunboat San Jacinto at three o'clock in the morning began bombarding the bluff, the troops landing under cover of her guns. There was only slight fighting, however, until six o'clock when the Madriz forces succeeded in taking the position of the enemy. The Estrada gunboats Blanca and Omotepe escaped up the Escondido river.

THREE FIND WATERY GRAVES

Motorboat Overturns and Camden (N. J.) Men Lose Their Lives—No One Witnesses Accident.

Philadelphia, Pa.—In the darkness off Cold Spring Inlet, near Holly Beach, the motorboat Star was overturned and three Camden, N. J., men lost their lives. They were William Hoover, 60, Wallace H. Hoover, 30, his son, and Walter Weber, 27. No one saw the accident, the first knowledge of which came when the boat, upturned, was seen in the surf by the life savers at Cold Spring Inlet, near Cape May. Several hours later the body of a man came ashore and later in the day that of a second was found a short distance up the beach. These were the bodies of the young men.

Ex-Representative Overstreet Dies.

Indianapolis, Ind.—Jesse Overstreet, who represented this, the Seventh district of Indiana, in congress from 1896 to 1908, died at his home in this city after a long illness. Mr. Overstreet was chairman of the committee on postoffices and postroads during his service in congress and was the author of gold standard law passed in national monetary commission. He was secretary of the Republican congressional campaign committee of 1898 to 1904. Two years ago he was defeated by a Democrat.

FLIES FROM ALBANY TO NEW YORK CITY

GLENN H. CURTISS MAKES AIR JOURNEY OF 137 MILES IN 152 MINUTES.

AVIATOR WINS PRIZE OF \$10,000

Man Bird Breaks World's Record for Speed in Long Distance Test—Alights Gracefully Upon the Sands.

New York City.—"He's coming! He's coming!" The cry that went up from Governor's Island at noon May 29 made even the stolid sentinels forget their training for the moment and drop their guns to gaze into the sky in the indicated direction. Like a great dragon fly, soaring at leisure over the sky scrapers and the harbor, Curtiss winged his way toward the western side of the island where on the sand Colonel Huff waited to welcome the daring aviator. Curtiss flew in an aeroplane from Albany to New York, a distance of 137 miles, in 152 minutes. Never before had this trip been made by man in the air. The flight of Curtiss broke the world's record for speed in a long distance test. He maintained an average of 54.78 miles an hour and in spurts frequently exceeded the rate of a mile a minute. The success of this flight brings Curtiss the prize of \$10,000 offered by the New York World.

The scores of boats that dotted the surface of the shining water shrieked their congratulations to the man who had demonstrated his mastery of the air. Over on the sunny docks the thousands of Sunday visitors shouted their welcome. Handkerchiefs and hats were waved as the aviator disappeared from the sky line, behind the buildings on Governors Island. Colonel Huff, the guards that paced the sands gun in hand, and the group visitors and newspaper men riveted their eyes on the flying machine. Curtiss, his hands dexterously maneuvering the levers, soared ever nearer the ground. He guided his aeroplane toward the tent which had been put there to shelter his machine. He glided within six inches of the sand and then shot upward, circling about again and again until he alighted as gracefully as a bird upon the sand.

Colonel Huff ran forward and proffered his congratulations as Curtiss stepped from the car. "We had almost given up hope of expecting you," he said, as he shook his hand. "I stopped up at Spuyten Duyvil to get a little oil," were the first words Curtiss uttered at his journey's end. Until Curtiss went into his tent to change his clothes he was kept busy shaking hands and giving brief comments on his flight. When his aeroplane had been wheeled under the shed he gave the following brief sketch of his Hudson Valley trip:

"The flight was about ideal. When I started from Albany I went up high and kept along by the west bank because the air seemed to be the calmest there. The machine was working well and there was not enough air stirring to give me any bother. I stopped at Poughkeepsie and took on some more gasoline. About the only time on the whole trip that there was any difficulty was in the vicinity of what is called the Storm King at the Highlands. There the air currents were troublesome and I came down near the water as it seemed to be easier flying and I knew if I had to drop it wouldn't be very far. When I neared New York City I noticed that the oil indicator showed that the oil was out, but I knew there must be some left yet. However, it seemed best not to take any chances, so I landed near Spuyten Duyvil in a little lot where there is some kind of a motor boat house where I got some more oil. I consider that the end of the flight. I stayed at this place some little time as it was hard to get away. I finally slid off of a bank toward the river. The planes caught the air and I came on down the river to Governors Island."

Mrs. Lena Wendling, wife of Joseph Wendling, the missing janitor who is suspected of murdering Alma Kellner, was arrested, charged with being an accessory to the murder.

It is believed that the identification of the body as that of Alma Kellner has been made complete. On account of the decomposed state of the remains this was at first difficult. However, strands of hair which have been washed are declared to be the same tint as little Alma's hair and shoes the same size as that worn by the little girl add to the identification. The body was found by Richard B. Sweet, a plumber, who was pumping water out of the cellar. The ground underneath the body had been scooped out to a depth of six inches, making a shallow grave. Dr. Ellis Duncan, the coroner, completed his examinations. This showed that an effort had been made to do away entirely with the body, partly with quicklime, and, it seemed, by fire. All of the ribs were broken from the vertebrae, the right foot was separated from the body and was found in a shoe, which lay alongside. The left foot was missing. The lower bones of the right leg were broken about half way down from the knee.

Church Growth Wonderful

Special Census Shows Greater Increase Than in Population of the United States.

Washington, D. C.—Church growth in the United States has been greater than the increase in population between the years 1900 and 1906, according to the special census report on the census of religious bodies for 1906, now in press. In the principal cities of the country the growth, both in the number of religious organizations and communicants, was greater in the years mentioned than the increase in population, while in the area outside the principal cities the rate of increase in the number of new churches established was approximately the same as the rate of population increase, although in the number of communicants the increase in the outside area, as in the cities, was in excess of that in population.

MURDERS WIFE AND PRIEST

Prominent Stock Buyer of St. Paul Uses Gun With Fatal Effect—Motive of Crime Is Unknown.

St. Paul, Minn.—Philip J. Gibbon, 42 years old, shot and instantly killed his wife and Father E. J. Walsh, priest of the church of Saint Augustine, in their respective homes in South St. Paul. The motive of the crime is unannounced. Gibbons has been a prominent stock buyer here for many years and separated from his wife over unknown causes about a year ago. Since that time he has visited the eight children every two weeks and, it is understood, supported them. Gibbon surrendered to the police.

Slays Child and Wife.

New York City.—Murder was carried out in its most inhuman form when Isadore Neuman, a former United States cavalryman, compelled his wife to witness the murder of their three-month-old child before ending her own life with three bullets. The shooting was done in the presence of Neuman's younger brother, Solomon, who was too frightened to interfere. Mrs. Neuman and her son died almost instantly. Neuman and his wife, who had been parted, were reconciled a month ago.

GIRL IS FIENDISHLY SLAIN

MUTILATED BODY OF ALMA KELLNER FOUND IN CELLAR

Almost Every Bone in Her Body Is Broken, as Well as the Head—Suspicion Points to Janitor.

Louisville, Ky.—The body of Alma Kellner was found at 9:30 o'clock in the morning in the cellar of St. John's parochial school, five blocks from the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Fred F. Kellner. The flesh had fallen from portions of the body, which was encased in a piece of carpet, sewed together lengthwise. An examination showed that the child had come to her death at the hands of some fiendish murderer who had taken the body into the cellar through a trap door after wrapping it up in the carpet. Almost every bone in the body had been broken, as well as the head. Part of the skull and limbs had been scarred, as though they had come in contact with fire, and there was evidence of quicklime having been applied to the body.

The finding of the body of the little girl, eight years old, who never returned to her home after leaving to attend mass at 9:45 o'clock on the morning of Wednesday, December 8, clears the first link of the mystery only to lead on to another, which may prove even more baffling than did the disappearance of the child. This second link is to find the murderer. Joseph Wendling, 27, who was janitor of St. John's Roman Catholic church at the time Alma Kellner disappeared, is a person whom the police of Louisville and the entire world seek to find. It is suspected that he has some knowledge of the crime. Wendling disappeared from this city on January 14, leaving his wife, who is house maid for Father George Schuhmann, pastor of St. John's, without so much as a word.

It is believed that the identification of the body as that of Alma Kellner has been made complete. On account of the decomposed state of the remains this was at first difficult. However, strands of hair which have been washed are declared to be the same tint as little Alma's hair and shoes the same size as that worn by the little girl add to the identification. The body was found by Richard B. Sweet, a plumber, who was pumping water out of the cellar. The ground underneath the body had been scooped out to a depth of six inches, making a shallow grave. Dr. Ellis Duncan, the coroner, completed his examinations. This showed that an effort had been made to do away entirely with the body, partly with quicklime, and, it seemed, by fire. All of the ribs were broken from the vertebrae, the right foot was separated from the body and was found in a shoe, which lay alongside. The left foot was missing. The lower bones of the right leg were broken about half way down from the knee.

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REBELS BEAT OFF ATTACKS

General Estrada Captures Many Prisoners in Onslaughts Near Bluefields.

Bluefields, Nicaragua.—General Estrada, commander of the Madriz forces, has again attacked General Estrada's positions. Early in the morning he began an assault on Estrada's left flank with 500 men, but after hard fighting, in which many were killed and wounded, the Madriz troops were forced to retire. Estrada's losses were light. About the same time an assault was begun on the extreme south flank, but this, too, failed, there being further heavy losses to Estrada's men. Estrada succeeded in capturing a large number of prisoners.

Outing Ends in Death.

Oakland, Cal.—As a result of the head-on collision between two street cars on the California Electric railway near Leona Heights the motorman of one of the cars is dead and 50 passengers are suffering injuries that in some cases may result fatally. The collision occurred on a steep grade at a sharp turn in the road. Believing that he had a clear track, the motorman of the inbound car was coming down the grade at high speed when an outbound car, loaded with a picnic party, crashed into his car.

NOT THE METHOD HE MEANT

Kitchener Had Not the Idea of Purchasing in His Mind When He Made Remark.

A picturesque figure is Lord Kitchener of Khartum, a soldier from head to foot, and careless of the niceties of toilet which more conventional members of the nobility affect. George W. Smalley, the veteran correspondent, recently contributed some interesting reminiscences of the man to the New York Tribune, among which this story is to be found:

The last time I saw Lord Kitchener was at a house in one of the southern counties in 1902. He was then on his way to take up the command of the ship-in-chief of India. He drove over to luncheon from another house some 16 miles away. Luncheon, usually at one o'clock, had been put off till half past because of the distance he and his friends had to drive, a great concession. But the roads were heavy, and they arrived just before two.

Lord Kitchener said to me as we were going in: "Look at me. I really cannot sit down to lunch in all this dirt." I suggested that he should come to my room. He did, and after spending ten minutes on his toilet, emerged looking not much less the South African campaigner than when he began.

He said: "You don't seem to approve." "Oh, I was only wondering what you had been doing for ten minutes. But late as we are, there is one thing you must see."

And I took him to the hall where stand those two figures in damasked armor inlaid with gold, Anne de Montmorency and the Constable de Bourbon, whom a Herbert of the sixteenth century had taken prisoner. They woke the soldier in this dusty traveler.

"If I were a Frenchman I think I should try to get them back."

"It has been tried. One of their descendants offered £20,000 for the pair, but you see they are still here."—Youth's Companion.

"Me, the Janitor."

It is a great thing to be a janitor, and most janitors know it. A writer in the New York Press tells the story of a certain janitor who fully realized his importance. He even went so far, as the anecdote shows, as to prefer his title of janitor to his name. The incident was this: A couple wishing to be married had stopped at the apartment of a minister. The hour was very late. There were no friends of anybody in the bridal party within reach.

But the lady was insistent. Somebody must give her away. About this time the janitor came in sight, and she seized upon him.

"Will you give me away?" she pleaded.

"Sure I will," said the lord of the apartment house.

The minister took him aside and coached him carefully. "When I say: 'Who gives this bride away?' you answer, 'I do.'"

When it came to the question in the ceremony, the reply was, "Me, the janitor."

Gaining Ground.

She—Don't you think the British people are losing ground?

He—No, I don't. I was reading only today that since 1883 the sea has washed away 419 acres of the British Isle, but it has also added 30,752.—Yonkers Statesman.

How It's Done.

"Some folks call Uncle Jonas a tight wad, but he isn't. I went up to this morning and said: 'Uncle Jonas, I'd like to speak to you.' And he said: 'Don't say a word, lad—you want to borrow five dollars. Here it is!' And he handed it to me." "You think he's generous, eh? Well, what were you about to touch him for?" "I was going to touch him for \$10, but—"

"He knew it. Yes, he's pretty shrewd."

THE MARKETS.

Financial. New York, May 30.—Money on call 2½¢ per cent. Prime mercantile paper 4½¢ per cent. Sterling exchange \$4.87.35 for demand.

Government bonds steady. Grain, Provisions and Live Stock. Cleveland, May 30.—Flour—Minnesota spring patents \$5.25@5.55.

Wheat—No. 2 red \$1.05½. Corn—No. 3 yellow 63¢. Oats—No. 3 white 41¢.

Butter—Best creamery 20¢@20½¢. Cheese—York state 17¢@17½¢.

Eggs—Strictly fresh 20½¢. Potatoes—Ohio 30¢@32¢.

Hay—No. 1 timothy \$18.00@18.50. Cattle—Best steers \$7.25@7.50, calves \$8.50@8.75.

Sheep—Choice wethers \$4.75@5.00, choice lambs \$5.00@5.25.

Hogs—Heavy Yorkers \$9.65, pigs \$9.50.

Toledo, May 30.—Wheat—Cash \$1.03. Corn—Cash 58½¢.

Oats—Cash 55½¢. Cloverseed—Cash \$6.80.

Buffalo, May 30.—Cattle—Export cattle \$8.00@8.50, shipping steers \$7.40@7.60.

Hogs—Yorkers \$9.55, pigs \$9.90. Sheep—Wethers \$4.75@5.00, lambs \$4.50@4.80.

Pittsburg, May 30.—Cattle—Choice steers \$8.00@8.10, good \$7.40@7.75.

Hogs—Heavy Yorkers \$9.55@9.87½, pigs \$9.80.

Sheep—Prime wethers \$4.80@5.00, lambs \$4.00@4.60.

Chicago, May 30.—Wheat—May \$1.02½. Corn—May 65½¢.

Oats—May 58½¢. Pork—July \$22.52.

Lard—July \$12.40. Cattle—Beeves \$5.40@5.60, stockers and feeders \$5.30@5.40.

Hogs—Heavy \$9.35@9.67½, pigs \$9.15@9.60.

Sheep—Native \$3.50@3.50, lambs, native \$3.25@3.40.

AFTER SUFFERING ONE YEAR

Cured by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Milwaukee, Wis.—"Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has made me a well woman, and I would like to tell the whole world of it. I suffered from female trouble and fearful pains in my back. I had the best doctors and they all decided that I had a tumor in addition to my female trouble, and advised an operation. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound made me a well woman and I have no more backache. I hope I can help others by telling them what Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has done for me."—Mrs. Emma Imse, 833 First St., Milwaukee, Wis.

The above is only one of the thousands of grateful letters which are constantly being received by the Pinkham Medicine Company of Lynn, Mass., which prove beyond a doubt that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, made from roots and herbs, actually does cure these obstinate diseases of women after all other means have failed, and that every such suffering woman owes it to herself to at least give Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound a trial before submitting to an operation, or giving up hope of recovery.

Mrs. Pinkham, of Lynn, Mass., invites all sick women to write her for advice. She has guided thousands to health and her advice is free.

or Morphine Habit Treated. Free trial. Cases where other remedies have failed, specially designed. Give particulars.

Dr. R. G. CONTELL, Suite 250, 400 W. 23d St., New York

OPIUM

SURELY NO PLACE FOR HER

In the Presence of Such Magic There Seemed But One Thing for Maid to Do.

Prof. Percival Lowell, the eminent Martian astronomer, said in a recent interview in New York:

"The Martian canals are not Panama canals. The word 'canals,' you know, really means 'lines.' It shouldn't be taken literally, as the servant girl in Boston took the parlor magic."

"An amateur magician in a Beacon street house was going through his tricks while a maid passed in and out with refreshments."

"The magician was reading letters placed under a rug as the maid brought in a tray of lemon ices."

"What is this?" a spectator asked. "That is B," the magician answered; and, sure enough, his answer was correct."

"The maid looked with astonishment at the letter which had been hidden under the thick rug. She turned her gaze on the handsome young magician who had read it. Then, setting down her tray of ices, she hid her rosy face in her hands and ran out of the room."

"What's the good o' me clothes?" she cried."

An Unusual Attribute. Little Johnnie, who cannot pronounce S, has been frightened into keeping out of the attic by tales told by his nurse of a dreadful ghost that lives in the dim recesses under the eaves. The other day he was overheard to say confidentially to a small friend:

"We've got an old gh'o' up in our attic!"

To which his friend, much interested, responded: "Do he butt?"

Easy for Him. Tommy's Mother.—Why aren't you a good boy, like Willie Bjones?

Tommy.—Hub! It's easy enough for him to be good; he's sick most of the time.—Philadelphia Record.

HARD ON CHILDREN.

When Teacher Has Coffee Habit.

"Best is best, and best will ever live." When a person feels this way about Postum they are glad to give testimony for the benefit of others.

A school teacher down in Miss. says: "I had been a coffee drinker since my childhood, and the last few years it had injured me seriously."

"One cup of coffee taken at breakfast would cause me to become so nervous that I could scarcely go through with the day's duties, and this nervousness was often accompanied by deep depression of spirits and heart palpitation."

"I am a teacher by profession, and when under the influence of coffee had to struggle against crossness when in the school room."

"When talking this over with my physician, he suggested that I try Postum, so I purchased a package and made it carefully according to directions; found it excellent of flavor, and nourishing."

"In a short time I noticed very gratifying effects. My nervousness disappeared, I was not irritated by my pupils, life seemed full of sunshine, and my heart troubled me no longer."